



Francis Emerson Judd

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THE OWLS,

EVE,

And Other Poems.

By Francis Emerson Judd.



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TO
MY FRIENDS
ON EITHER SIDE THE MYSTIC RIVER.

“And living, for there are no dead.”

Preface.

THE poems in this little volume were written, some of them by request, and the remainder simply for personal pleasure. Yielding to many solicitations the Author now puts them in print, trusting that at least the book will prove to his friends an acceptable souvenir.

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When Science tests the flowing spring,
 A single cup is all she takes;
Or, when she tries the massive rock
 A little piece she from it breaks;
Or, if she seek new plants to class,
 Of any kind, she needs but one—
She thus admits material work
 Is under law in order done.
Nor have the spirit forces wrought
 At random in the realm of soul;
There, too, the facts by few are taught,
 Which help to comprehend the whole.
So these plain stories that I tell
 Of long since finished human lives
May wisdom give—I know full well
 That, in his class, each still survives.

The Owls.

No braver show has old "Queen Anne's"
Among her triumphs numbered,
Than that which graced Commencement Day
In August, eighteen hundred.
Though all did well, to eight was given
Applause beyond the others,
As sons whom genius proudly owned—
A band of gifted brothers.
This honored eight had formed a club
Which jesting fellow students
Nicknamed "The Owls." "It holds," they said,
"Such wisdom and such prudence."
And then the club, with like conceit
The jesters' name receiving,
Each member wore a silver bird
To symbolize his living.
One took the Eagle for his crest—
The type of his ambition;
Another by the Robin marked
A loving, home condition.
One chose the Hawk, since wrong or right

THE OWLS.

He'd have what he might covet.
The Dove declared another's will
To seek the good and love it.
One claimed the Bird of Paradise
Since life to him was beauty;
Another by the Sparrow told
That life to him was duty.
One with the Swallow forth would go,
To know this world desiring;
Another with the Lark would rise,
To heavenly worlds aspiring.
Thus all the eight, through chosen crests
Their aims in life expressing,
In meetings oft these aims discussed,
Their hopes and plans confessing.

At last the time of parting came,
The college days were ended;
And severed wide those lives must be,
So long and closely blended.
'Twas midnight on Commencement Eve,
Before the words were spoken—
The fatal words by which the chain
Of brotherhood was broken.
With thoughts upon the future fixed,
The far unknown exploring,
They bade him take the chair that night
Whose bird was ever soaring

At break of day among the stars—
And he the call obeying
Marked well their long discourse and then
The session closed by saying:

“We leave our Alma Mater, friends—
Our tried old Spartan mother;
But let us, in this parting hour,
Stand pledged to one another
In fifty years to meet again.
Alive, or dead returning,
Within these walls to tell the truths
We’ve spent those years in learning.
Now, bind your souls, my brothers all,
Come weal or woe, to heed this call.”

Thus spake the Chairman, and the Club
Each one the vow repeating,
Gave sacred pledge in fifty years
To hold the solemn meeting.

* * * * *

Now Time a ready writer is—
And fifty years are numbered
Since that last meeting of “The Owls,”
In August, eighteen hundred,
And “Alma Mater” yet again
Her children ’round her gathers
And welcomes back the old-time “boys”

As honored "sons" or "fathers."
Among these "fathers" three have come,
Quaint silver badges wearing;
All past the three-score years and ten
And yet of noble bearing.
The Hawk, the Robin, and the Dove—
Three of the eight returning—
Are here to tell the truths they've passed
Their fifty years in learning.
With wond'ring look but hearty grasp
Each gives the other greeting,
And for an instant aged hearts
With youthful throbs are beating,
And olden time to present time
Is transient beauty lending,
Like Indian Summer's hazy glow
O'er Autumn hills extending.

But who could tell the hoary oak
From having seen the sapling?
Or who would mock the drowning man
Though he but straws is grappling?
So each of these, though knowing well
A stranger's hand he's grasping,
The dear, old, withered memories
With eager thought is clasping.
A little talk of other days,
A word upon life's changes,

A pang that tells how cruel time
The best of friends estranges—
'Tis thus amid familiar scenes
The old their joys remember
And catch a breath of balmy June
In dreary, cold December.
But will they come, the other five?

This thought of each unspoken
Perplexes all the day. Yea, can
The chain that death has broken
According to the promise be
By might of will united?
And do they really wish it thus?
So starting, half affrighted,
They hear the college clock at nine
Its solemn toll repeating,
And forthwith hasten to the place
Appointed for the meeting.

And lo! the eight are there; but two
Are young, and two in manhood—
Just in its prime—and one three-score,
And three in second childhood.
Yes, all are here; and that last night
The place of each decideth,
So he who wears the silver Lark
To-night again presideth.
The hectic flush is on his cheek

THE OWLS.

And on his lip appeareth
A smile so tender and so sweet
That he who sees it feareth
'Twill vanish in a sigh; and still
He's in his youth, scarce older
Than fifty years ago; yet not
The same, for each beholder
Within his flashing eye doth mark
A mystic fire that burneth
As bright and clear as that by which
Jehovah truth discerneth.
The silver Lark upon his breast
A softened halo weareth;
While he, as Chairman of the Club
Its order thus declareth:

“My brothers, we've obeyed the call.
We give each other greeting;
And living—for there are no dead—
We hold th' appointed meeting.
Now let him first his story tell
Who wears the silver Swallow,
And him who sitteth next in place
Each in his turn will follow.
My brother, stood your choice the test
Of 'time no more,' which proveth best?
Tell us the truths your life has taught;
Show us the good your toil has wrought.”

In all the strength of manhood's prime,
No mark of age betraying,
The one addressed begins forthwith,
In clearest accents saying:

THE SWALLOW.

“This truth I've learned—the Lord Almighty
Has all things well and wisely wrought;
This good I've gained—a heart submissive,
Receiving all that He has taught.
I for my symbol chose the Swallow,
Since through the world with him I'd go
And see its sights and learn its wisdom
And all its worth and folly know.
So when my college life was over
On wings of hope I sallied forth
And turned my flight where'er I fancied—
To East, or West, or South, or North.
Strange lands and scenes I viewed with wonder,
And what I could I learned of each;
I searched the valleys, climbed the mountains,
To know what God and Nature teach.
Their voice is one. The Ever-Perfect
Doth in His works Himself make known;
Upon His footstool resteth ever

A faithful shadow of His throne.
But with my faith increased desire
Of each effect to trace the cause;
To solve the mysteries of Nature
And know the working of her laws.
I asked of heaven unclouded reason,
I asked of earth undoubted facts;
And strove to read, with patient labor,
Jehovah's being in His acts.
'Tis true indeed the world by wisdom
Nor has, nor can, find out the Lord:
Yet wisdom, reading right creation
Makes plain to faith the written Word.
And thus I wrought, the two combining,
Until mature in years and thought,
By pen and speech I gave my fellows
What I through all this toil had got.
Astonished seers my books applauded;
Admiring crowds drank in my speech.
This changed me not, still onward pressing
With mind intent all truth to reach.
What men call "death" my course arrested,
While I was in my manhood's prime;
Friends mourned and wondered, not discerning
My work had naught to do with time.
Oh, God! what fools are human creatures!
How deaf, and blind, and slow of heart!
They heed not Thine eternal presence,

Although themselves of it a part;
Nor know that truth and right pursuing
Nor death, nor hell can them oppose;
That in Thy freedom, free forever,
Their strength in Thine still stronger grows.
Brothers! new lessons ever learning,
Though passed from earth and time away,
I'm satisfied with God's tuition
In boundless space and endless day."

No more he saith, and, glory crowned,
Th' applause of all he winneth.
Then he who next in order is,
The Robin, thus beginneth:

THE ROBIN.

"I chose for my type a home-staying bird,
Whose life by the cot is lovingly spent,
Whose carol of joy in sunshine is heard,
In shadow its note of cheerful content.
It seemed to my youth man's happiest lot
With kindred and friends at home to abide;
The site of his house some beautiful spot,
His wife a help-meet, his children his pride.
And so when my years at college were told,

The village I sought my boyhood had known.

There parents and playmates dwelt as of old,
Still loving the lad though man he had grown.

One playmate there was—a sweet little girl—
Whose pleasures and mine were seldom apart;

My desk treasured still her fair silken curl,
Still lingered her smile to gladden my heart.

I sought her again—Love's jewel was mine—
A beautiful casket ready I made;

I took my wife home—and brightly did shine
The stars in my sky; nor soon did they fade,

For life was prolonged and blessings remained;
My loved ones were spared, secure was my wealth,

And all that I sought in youth I had gained—
The joys of affection, plenty, and health.

The sons of my sons have climbed on my knee,
Fair grand-daughters life with beauty have crowned;

The best of her gifts earth lavished on me
Till 'Truly,' I said, 'I have and abound.'

My wisdom, I trow, no problem has solved;
I know that my hand no wonder has wrought;

In clearness and calm my sun has revolved,
Yet life unto me some lessons has taught.

I've learned that no man may trust in his gold,
Since gold cannot buy the gems of the heart;

I've learned that true love, by reason controlled,
From virtuous homes will never depart;

I've learned that old age is yet full of joy

To him who has rightly ruled his desires;
That three-score and ten will fail to destroy
When temperance guards what nature inspires.
The tree of our life, unblighted by vice,
Its bloom and its fruit together will bear,
And age unto youth, though full of advice,
May sympathy show and interests share.
But other than these the lessons that now
Both comfort and cheer my fast failing heart—
Yea, though 'tis so plainly writ on my brow,
“Return unto dust for of it thou art”—
I thank Thee, O God, that Thou hast prepared
For me and for mine a mansion above,
Where all the deep joy on earth we have shared
Eternal is made by infinite love.”

Across the old man's face there seems
A ray of glory flitting,
While he who thus his tale begins
With low'ring brow is sitting.

THE OWLS.

THE EAGLE.

I who chose the Eagle crest—
 I am here at your behest.
 Naught have I of joy to tell,
 Nor of aught that endeth well.
 Fame—in life my idol made,
 Has at last my trust betrayed.
 God—in life unsought, unknown,
 Has at last left me alone.

Oft inspired with words of praise,
 From my happy college days
 Forth I went to write my name
 On the shining scroll of fame.

Then a change—ambitious thought
 Deep within my nature wrought,
 Till my heart itself at last
 Down before its idol cast.
 Thirst for fame ere long destroys
 All man's purest aims and joys.

My fond mother, when she toiled
 For the lad her love had spoiled,
 Working hard and working late
 Him to place among the great.
 Little thought in time to come
 He would scorn his humble home:
 Little thought she'd have no part
 In his cold, ambitious heart.

And that other trusting life,
Waiting as my promised wife;
She to whom my love was given
While I yet could dream of heaven;
She, whose smile of winning grace
Drew such sweetness o'er her face
That with bliss I gazed and thrilled,
All my soul with rapture filled:
She who had so oft been told
That her will my life controlled,
Little thought to see the day
I from her would turn away.
Smoth'ring in my stony heart
Love that would not thence depart;
Little thought to spend her years
Weeping sweet, regretful tears
O'er those fragrant, withered joys
Love will guard till death destroys.

Yet my mother died alone,
Asking vainly for her son,
And the fair, fond girl I loved
Grieved to death, that false I proved.

But what mattered right or love,
These a fool might have and keep;
What I sought was far above,
Few were they could climb the steep.
Far above as then I thought,
Far beneath I think it now;

Death a clearer vision brought
 When he chilled my fevered brow.

So I strove to win a place
 'Mongst the noblest of the race.
 Skilled in art and strong to do,
 Fast my budding honors grew;
 Soon my name did fame report;
 Soon the rich men paid me court;
 Soon the strong men owned my might.
 Still I stood not on the height
 Viewed with longing when at first
 Woke the eager, quenchless thirst.

All my soul within me stirred
 When at last a voice I heard
 Bidding me now ready make
 For the place I aimed to take.

Well did I my time abide,
 Woo'd a rich and cultured bride,
 Strengthened every social tie,
 Laid abundant treasure by,
 Raised my head amongst the great.
 Feasted, flattered, courted, all—
 Rich and poor and great and small—
 Who could vote received from me
 Ready hospitality.

As the final day drew nigh
 How my heart with hope beat high.
 He who my opponent was

Had for hope but little cause;
 So at least it seemed to me,
 Marking his simplicity.
 True to trust, upright, humane,
 Never seeking selfish gain;
 His indeed a worthy name,
 Yet but little known to fame.
 While I honored, still I thought
 Worldly wisdom he has not.

Proved the end my wisdom vain;
 Proved the end his folly gain.
 Honest worth my arts outweighed,
 Fickle fame of me afraid
 From her scroll my name erased
 And instead my rival's placed.

Sick at heart—all hope destroyed,
 Life of every joy devoid,
 Wife unloving, children none,
 Friends self-seeking—every one;
 Sorely tried within, without,
 Death in wicked haste I sought,
 Raised my hand against the Lord,
 Cut in twain the silver cord.

Ask you what the lesson is
 Earthly life has taught to me?
 Vanity of vanities;
 All, aye, all is vanity.

Ask you what the gain I got

From my weary toil and care?
Soul so dead it findeth not
God nor heaven anywhere."

With gloomy scowl the Eagle ends
His dark and fearful story,
Then speaks the Bird of Paradise,
Still crowned with youthful glory.

THE BIRD OF PARADISE.

"How radiant the hues of the far-streaming sunlight!
How brilliant the sheen of the broad, placid river!
How lovely the rays of the clear, crystal moonlight,
When, gems in the brooklet, they sparkle and quiver!
How pleasant the green of the midsummer forest,
The exquisite tints of its ferns and its mosses!
How sweet the cool breath of the murmuring fountains,
With scent that the breeze from the flower-cup tosses!
How charming the landscape—the slumbering valleys,
The wood-crowned hills, and the rock-sprinkled ridges,
The sky-colored lake and the emerald meadows,
The stream with its mill and mossy old bridges!

How glorious the picture, when beautiful sunset
 Has tinted the clouds, and the earth, and the water,
 With colors she learned in the heavens to mingle,
 When God, the great God, was the artist who taught her!
 O yes, there is beauty, most exquisite beauty!
 Magnificent beauty! aye, beauty entrancing
 The soul of the man, or the soul of the angel,
 When, led by Jehovah and ever advancing
 From height unto height, he discovers with wonder
 That space and its glory have never a limit;
 And more—so enduring that glory appeareth
 That even eternity faileth to dim it.

* * * * *

How happy the man in the depths of whose nature
 Is mirrored whatever of beauty's around him;
 Who makes his own treasure each glorious picture
 By right of the power with which Genius has crowned him.
 And this was my portion—the joy of possessing
 All beautiful things on earth or above it;
 I took to myself every vision of glory
 The poet might praise or the artist might covet.
 So life unto me was a day of bright sunshine,
 And earth unto me was a beautiful Eden,
 The light with the shadows so pleasantly mingled
 That good I saw plainly, while evil was hidden.
 And yet with what scorn did the servants of Mammon
 Behold the poor artist go hither and thither;
 They saw not the riches his soul was amassing,

The pathway he traveled they questioned not, whither
It led, nor imagined that he in his folly

Was wiser than they in their sordid ambition.
Their hopes were fast bound in the shadowy valley;

His waited with joy their perfect fruition,
When, standing with God on the heavenly mountain,

With sight like the infinite Father's, unending,
So clear and so strong he could see the made kingdom

In grandeur and glory and beauty extending
Through measureless space—outstretching, expanding,

With never a ceasing, but ever progressing:
The voice of Jehovah forever commanding,

The sons of Jehovah forever possessing.
My brothers, in youth I ascended that mountain,

And thence have I come at your bidding to meet you,
And when I return to rejoice in its splendor

O may it be mine in that glory to greet you.

How beautiful the young man is!

How bright his smile appeareth!

How black his scowl, who next doth speak—

A silver Hawk he weareth.

THE HAWK.

“To-night a strange mood cometh o’er me,
And like a picture spread before me
Are all my four-score years.
There runneth through my frame a shiver;
Perchance I’m chilled by that dark river
Which now so close appears.
Yes, on the very brink I’m standing,
And only wait the boatman’s landing,
For fast the shore he nears.

But ere I go I’ll tell my story;
Alas! it has nor grace nor glory
Your love or praise to win.
A tale of hate and selfish pleasure;
A tale of greed and curs-ed treasure;
A cruel tale of sin.
The best of earthly joys I’ve tasted;
The best of earthly goods I’ve wasted.
Ah me! how blind I’ve been.

As child and boy self-willed and naughty;
As youth and man shrewd, heartless, haughty;
By turns the fear and pride
Of parents, fond, and oft caressing,
And yet but little skill possessing

Their wayward son to guide.
In this they centered their ambition—
To give me wealth and high position,
Nor cared for aught beside.

A wish expressed, they ne'er denied me,
By useful task they never tried me;
I lived for self alone.
But yet I had some little merit;
With vigorous health and joyous spirit,
In haunts of vice unknown.
I gathered many friends around me,
Who kind and social always found me.
Yes, when I old had grown.

I at their blindness sometimes wondered,
And yet these ties were seldom sundered,
Since I had need of friends.
I early made a firm decision,
With human wisdom's clearest vision,
To aim at these three ends:
Through health preserved—continued pleasure;
Through wealth secured—enduring treasure;
Through both—the power that bends

Before my will the will of others.
In college days you knew me, brothers.

Though genial, strong and proud.
In after years the force I wielded
To human pressure never yielded,
Nor rival long allowed.
To those I chose to please, endeared,
And hated by the rest, or feared,
I ruled the foolish crowd.

Because it paid, men sought my favor;
It mattered little what the savor
That from my deeds uprose.
Though this offensive were to heaven
What I demanded still was given;
And, strange to say, by those
Whose faith forbade to call good, evil,
Or sacrifice unto the Devil
The gifts that God bestows.

Truth, virtue, but in name existed
To me; since none my will resisted
Whom I was pleased to try.
My deep-laid plottings all succeeded;
I never lacked whate'er I needed
My craving to supply.
Great wealth I sought; by all men trusted,
Since right my open deeds adjusted,
I laid my thousands by.

The cheated widow, wanting, weeping,
Thought not that I her due was keeping,

Believing what I said.

The orphaned ward, to toil subjected,
Ne'er as a passing thought suspected

That I his need had made.

By thus the garb of honor using,

And guarding well against its losing,

The trusting I betrayed.

So much of worldly good possessing,

My life to all seemed crowned with blessing,

And thus it seemed to me.

My wife, too pure and true to know me,

Her baby boy would proudly show me,

And say, 'Like you he'll be,

My husband.' Faithful wife and mother;

But little likeness to each other

The God you loved could see.

His eye, my secret temple scanning,

Saw greed and lust their fires oft fanning,

Made ready to destroy.

While at their bidding, swift out-running,

Went forth deceit, and fraud, and cunning,

Fresh victims to decoy.

In darkness wrought I all di-honor,

While in the light I smiled upon her—
My wife with baby boy.

They stayed not long my life to gladden;
Thank Heav'n, naught came their lives to sadden,
In peace they went away.
And then perchance my heart grew colder,
Though cold before; and I grew bolder
And harder every day.
I satisfied each inward craving,
If, health and reputation saving,
I could the lust obey.

My soul ere long was past all feeling,
And yet its ill kept on concealing,
Since were its evil known
No charity could call it error,
But trust and love would flee in terror
And leave the fiend alone.
Then should I lose the power of gaining
Those pleasures which by long attaining
My very life had grown.

And so, my nature scarce suspected,
At four-score years I go respected,
As one who wise has been.

THE OWLS.

My end has no indulgence hasted,
My wealth has no imprudence wasted,
 And none accuse of sin.
The most of those who know are sleeping,
The rest our secrets still are keeping,
 Their price in gold to win.

But now my joys are gone forever,
Since I have reached the dismal river
 My all I needs must lose.
My hoar head wears no crown of glory,
Nor ought it; plainly tells my story—
 I've had what I did choose.
My choice in Time did not deceive me,
But now despairing does it leave me,
 Since naught it gives of use

In this dread hour, my heart to strengthen,
When fast th' eternal shadows lengthen
 Before my dark'ning eyes.
A fearful lesson I am learning;
No gaze of mine to heaven turning
 Can pierce the shrouded skies.
Above—the child and sainted mother;
Below—the wretch whom self did smother;
 Between—a great gulf lies.”

The hopeless gaze, the voice of woe
Are all with horror thrilling.
A pause—he who the Sparrow wears
Now speaks, his pledge fulfilling.

THE SPARROW.

“A sober, patient, toiling man,
Believing that Jehovah's plan
Was for my life the wisest, best,
I wrought by this great truth impressed;
To do at once with all the might,
What God commands alone is right.

My mother never let her love
A hindrance to her duty prove;
My childish hands were early taught
To do with patience what they ought.
In college you remember well
'Twas always done what to me fell;
Nor did professors e'er complain,
Or bid me do my work again.

And when from college halls I went,
To this one end all effort bent:
My given mission to fulfill
And rightly work Jehovah's will.

For fame or place I had no care;
It mattered little how or where
I wrought; nor did I ask
Save this, to know the waiting task.
And though the paths were rough and steep,
And many tempters sought to keep
Me on the pleasant plains below,
Where duty bade I still would go.

But yet I scorned not worldly wealth,
Nor joys that spring from love and health;
I counted all the right as good,
And took of each whate'er I could
And still obey that higher law
Which out of self must ever draw.

Men reckoned mine a happy life;
The one I loved became my wife.
Our home was with abundance blessed;
Our children all the good possessed
That watchful care through wealth bestows,
When law, not love, the measure shows.

And yet my household circle knew
But little joy; few blossoms grew
Upon the plants my labor reared;
What only pleased I almost feared,
Since pleasure by some cunning wile
From duty's path will oft beguile.

Yes, in my home was little joy;
My girls were staid—sedate my boy—

Their gentle mother, patient strove
Against the foolishness of love;
Yet strove in vain—from that true heart
The rule of love would not depart.

She owned my standard right and just,
And, since I said it, felt she must
All useless play and mirth suppress.
Throughout her house strict order reigned,
And I, because she ne'er complained,
Believed her life a happy one—
Its needs supplied—its duties done.

Alas! the heart, I could not see
Its hungry ache for sympathy;
Its constant effort to conceal
What conscience said 'twas wrong to feel;
Its weary, anxious, throbbing fear
Lest some neglect to me appear,
Or fault uncured, the seed should be
Of woe throughout eternity.

This inward fire consumed at length
Her little meed of vital strength;
Her broken heart she meekly laid
Upon the altar I had made.

But in my blindness still I thought
God's plan for her, not mine, she wrought,
And so I mourned, nor dreamed my wife
Could charge on me her blighted life.

'Twas not until my children's haste

To leave the home by death laid waste,
Mine eyes unclosed; that I could see
That duty's master love must be,
And not her slave. Too late I saw
'Tis love alone fulfills the law.

Though dutiful my daughters were,
I missed their mother's loving care,
And though respected by my son,
I in his heart no place had won.
Too long had I a tyrant proved
To be by those I ruled beloved.

At last, my Savior's lesson learned,
From Law to Gospel glad I turned;
At three-score ceased my lonely life,
In Paradise I joined my wife.

Brothers, the truth I've learned so well
To all the world I fain would tell:

The man who works his Lord to please
Has in his work but little ease,
While he who loves to please his Lord
Has in His love the best reward."

The new-found love! That blissful look
Its preciousness betraying,
He turns to listen to the Dove,
In gentle accents saying:

THE DOVE.

"I hear in the distance an exquisite strain
Of music so sweet that it tells me of heaven;
Thank God, I'm permitted to hear it again,
For, Oh! 'tis the song that in childhood was given
To charm me in passion or soothe me in pain.

'Twas sung by my cradle in softest of tones,
Made rich by the feeling that thrills the fond mother
When, nursing her first-born, she thankfully owns
The joy that is hers she'd exchange for no other;
That treasure so precious her happiness crowns.

My wearisome journey of three-score and ten
Through wastes and through swamps in the death-stricken
valley,
Was cheered by the promise of meeting again
Those dear to my heart when in triumph shall rally
The children of God 'round the Savior of men.

I know that my mother is calling to-night
The boy that she left inconsolably weeping,
A lad to her still, though his head is so white
With snows that the years have been silently heaping
All over the curls that were once her delight.

My mother, I come! and no mortal can know
More rapturous joy than already is thrilling
A heart that so long has been panting to go
Where Love every cup from her fullness is filling,
With blessedness making each one overflow.

A moment remaining my pledge to fulfill,
And then the earth conflict forever 'll be ended
And I shall have wrought and have suffered that will,
Which all through my journey so strangely has blended
The sweetness of good with the bitter of ill.

My memory pictures a beautiful scene,
Brought out by the light of a glorious morning;
A little white cottage half mantled in green,
With roses and jasmynes' the windows adorning,
And vine-covered porch with its shadows between.

'Tis there that my childhood and boyhood were passed;
'Tis there that my mother, long widowed and lonely,
Her mantle of charity constantly cast
Around my transgressions, yet teaching me only
The virtue whose fragrance forever shall last.

She gave me the precepts of God's Holy Word;
She taught me the glorious plan of salvation;
She painted the bliss of the promised reward

Awaiting the men in that God-given station,
Whose duty it is to make known the good Lord.

Her love-working faith could not fail to inspire
A trust in that faith in the boy she was guiding;
So when the Lord took her that she might be nigher,
Aye, close to Himself: in my spirit abiding
Was left the response of her yearning desire.

Yes, forth in Christ's name I determined to go,
The Christ brought so near by the death of my mother,
And praying that God through His Spirit would show
The path I should walk in, I thought of no other;
My God and my Savior alone would I know.

No penitent mourning, no terror of Hell
Laid weight on my soul in that hour of my choosing;
That men were transgressors was known to me well;
That they were in danger of happiness losing
I felt; but the story of Christ would I tell.

How He in His love for the sinful came near,
A place with the lost in their misery taking,
Since they in their sorrows to Him were more dear
Than cherub, or angel, in ecstasy making
The joy of blest Heaven more blissful appear.

Yes, down to the vile in the depth of their sin

Comes Jesus to plead for the life of the spirit;

As brother—through weakness their love He would win;

As Savior—their pardon make sure through His merit;

As God—make them holy, with Him to go in

Where all will be found that can ever delight

The strong, and the wise, and the good, and the loving.

'Tis thus that man's weakness combined with God's might,

The mountain of sin is triumphantly moving.

Ere long in Love's ocean to sink out of sight.

So love has constrained me all through my life

Christ's story to publish wherever He led me;

And oh! when were garnered my children and wife,

With love the good Husbandman faithfully fed me,

Uplifting my spirit and calming its strife.

Thank God! there is never allotted to man

A portion so bitter His love cannot sweeten.

Misfortune and sorrow may do what they can;

The more the true heart's in chastisement beaten

The closer it clings to Love's marvelous plan.

This plan the great Author, through torrents of woe,

O'erwhelming Himself, to His chosen discloses,

And teaches them all, 'tis enough that they know

Whoever on promise of Jesus reposes,
To him out of ill the best blessings shall flow.

Yes, thus have I found it, whatever has been
The portion my Lord has seen good to allot me;
Sometimes it has shown me the nature of sin;
Sometimes to my 'Brother' it closer has brought me,
With Him to the Holiest entering in.

'Tis long since my patient and love-chastened heart
Has looked with fond yearning beyond the dark river,
And now though I wait till Death bid me start,
No tie is there left which that tyrant can sever,
For I am quite ready, aye, glad to depart.

My God and my Savior, with Thee would I rise!
A longing for Heaven my spirit is filling,
Impatient I watch for the opening skies.
Lord Jesus! come quickly! with rapture thrilling,
My soul as a bird to yon blessedness flies."

The Chairman now, since all the rest
Their pledges have redeemed,
Can only tell the tale of him
Who as a poet dreamed

THE OWLS.

Of all things beautiful: and looked
To find his dreaming true;
But looked in vain, till leaving earth
The face of God he knew.

THE LARK.

“My story, friends, is quickly told,
No mystery does it unfold,
No secret life reveal.
Since like the Lark I loved the light,
My song like his in upward flight
To Heaven made appeal.

My Father heard and quick replied,
The gates of glory opened wide
And I with Jesus entered in.
So nearly all these fifty years,
In choir whose song Jehovah hears
My happy place has been.

To you, my brothers, I have turned
Attentive thought; and what you've learned
In verse I've written down.

Perchance our fellow-men may gain
 Some good from truths that you've made plain
 By lives so like their own."

(*To the Swallow.*)

"This brother wisely chose the Swallow,
 Since mind like his, oft on the wing,
 Untired, in search of cause will wander,
 Whene'er effect a clew shall bring;
 And he, life's lesson rightly learning,
 Because his God became his guide,
 In light of truth and bliss of knowing,
 A student shall for aye abide."

(*To the Robin.*)

"He who for his type the sweet Robin chose,
 How happy his life his story has told.
 Dear brother! God blessed! the blessing still grows,
 Its wealth of delight no words can unfold."

(*To the Eagle.*)

"Thou who chose the Eagle crest,
 Choice like thine stands not the test
 'Time no more' doth bring to bear;
 When at last, with judgment fair,

All the life exposed to view,
Justice marks the false and true.
Doom like thine most fearful is—
'Vanity of vanities.'"

(To the Bird of Paradise.)

"The brother who chose the bright symbol of beauty,
Since always the lovely and beautiful charmed him,
So faithfully wedded his pleasures to duty,
No fear of their losing could ever alarm him.
Protected, belov-ed, by evil untainted,
He saw in his youth the heavenly glories,
Becoming the pupil of Him who has painted
The sunsets and rainbows and brilliant auroras."

(To the Hawk.)

"But he who had what he might covet,
Who lived for self and naught above it,
Who chose the bird of prey;
For soul like his there's no salvation.
It has in self its condemnation,
Its all has flown away.
The eye is closed, the ear past knowing,
The conscience gone, the will is going;
Blank night enfolds the day."

(*To the Sparrow.*)

“The brother who the Sparrow wears,
To him how clear God’s truth appears !
’Tis always thus—who holdeth fast
By duty’s hand, finds love at last.”

(*To the Dove.*)

“The story of him who has chosen the Dove
Is told by the hosts whom the Lord has forgiven.
Again and again have I heard it above,
Resounding in song through the temples of Heaven
And filling each heart with the infinite love.”

* * * * *

The morning sun has just appeared,
An August sun, both bright and burning,
And old Queen Anne’s is all alive;
For students home returning
With trunk, and bag, and packing-box
The rooms and halls are strowing,
While janitors, confused, keep on
Their round of duty going.
One marks the door through which last night
He saw three old men enter.
They’re surely gone ! He’ll look within—
Upon the table center
Behold a lamp is burning still !

THE OWLS.

And by it still are sitting
Three aged men, with hoary locks
Such as to age are fitting.
Unmoved they sit, nor heed the step
That death-like stillness breaking,
Nor see the hand that from the board
A manuscript is taking—
It is the record of the Lark.

The three are gone forever;
The Dove, the Robin and the Hawk
Have also crossed the river.

Yes, he who was so blessed on earth

Has deeper joy in Heaven;
And he who thirsted for his God

To him is fullness given;
And these two, by a holy calm

Upon their pallid faces,
Tell how the soul adorned its home

With Christly gifts and graces.
But he who has the cruel badge,

Upon his face is wearing
In spite of death the look of one
Both cursing and despairing.

O God, that men Thy good would take!

O God, that men would fear Thy name!

For some to glory shall awake,

And some to everlasting shame.

Now, in the sample lives I've shown
Two principles are plainly given;
The one has place on earth alone,
The other reaches into Heaven;
The one in self begins and ends
And offers men but "dust" for food,
The other in its working blends
Their present and eternal good;
And in their Father's love they find
A tie that each to all can bind
In blest, eternal brotherhood.

EVE.

PART FIRST.

Light veiled in morning's misty splendor,
Glad Adam stands by gentle Eve,
And words how pure, in tones how tender,
His lips breathe forth, her ears receive.
He speaks of all things' wondrous beauty,
Of beast, and bird, and tree, and flower,
Then turns to God in loving duty,
For all is love in Eden's bower.

Now, robed in morning's rosy splendor,
Beside the Life Palm tall and slender,
By pensive Eve pure Adam stands,
With face upturned and clasp-ed hands.
The dew-drops all the green adorning,
Have coaxed the sun-rays not to pass,
But deck with gems leaf, flower and grass.
And so Queen Nature, all resplendent
With diamonds of the purest water,
Joins in their praise, herself dependent

No less than they. His son and daughter.
And everywhere glad birds are singing
Their morning carols, blythe and sweet,
And all things creeping, walking, springing,
Come forth the joyous morn to greet.
Thus praise goes up from man and Nature,
From bird and beast and every creature,
As He who made them spake the word:
“Whatever is shall praise the Lord.”
And lo! throughout the whole creation
Resounds the psalm of adoration:
The morning stars take up the song
And Sons of God the strains prolong.

Adorned with morning's golden splendor
Strong Adam stands by sweetest Eve;
Nor strength nor love can now defend her,
The Tempter comes and will deceive.
He comes—a thing of perfect beauty,
The subtle serpent Satan chose,
And where they pay their loving duty
At early morn too well he knows.
Alas! the tree of good and evil,
As also knows this serpent Devil,
Is close behind the graceful palm
Where they've just sung their morning psalm.
'Tis there Eve sees the creature waiting,
And, grown familiar with his prating

(For Satan oft has worn disguise
Lest sudden speech should wake surprise),
She gives him gentle salutation
And speaks the name by Adam given
When he as head of fair creation
Named every creature under Heaven.
With words of pleasant commendation
The wily serpent soft replies,
And talks of man's "exalted station,"
And calls him "strong" and "good" and "wise."
The woman, pleased, doth wait and listen.
Till bright the snaky eye doth glisten,
For Satan now the way has found
To make a sure and fatal wound.
With subtle art he knowledge places
The chief among God's gifts and graces,
And wakes in Eve a strong desire
To be in Nature something higher,
To know herself the "good" and "evil,"
And be as God, the great and wise.
Alas! persuaded by the Devil,
She trusts in all his specious lies,
Inspects the fruit with gaze inquiring,
And as it seems designed for food
Doth eat—yet not so much desiring
The present sweet as future good.
And Adam, too, the fruit receiving,
Doth also eat, and eats believing

That what so satisfies the eye
The craving mouth may safely try.
'Tis done—triumphant is temptation!
No longer head of fair creation
The guilty pair steal off in shame,
And Satan goes the way he came.

But does the blame, to woman given
By coward man, rest where it should?
Ah, no! she ate to rise to Heaven,
He ate because the fruit was good.

The woman, in her nature purer,
Among the gods a place would seek;
But she must learn no words are surer
Than those she hears Jehovah speak.
Not hers but His the wisdom guiding,
Not hers but His the truth deciding,
The way in which she ought to go,
The work 'tis wise for her to do.
But if she will, false counsel heeding,
Her way pursue without His leading,
And do a work He ne'er designed
For woman's hand or woman's mind,
A curse shall rest upon her going,
The sun will burn, the thorns will tear;
A curse shall rest upon her doing

And cankered fruits reward her care,
And so poor Eve, the right way leaving
And doing what her Lord forbade,
Is now a meed of grief receiving
That far outweighs the joys she had.

Of all they loved in happy Eden
To take the least are they forbidden,
And grieving sore she forth must go
Who had the good but ill would know.
She grieves o'er each departed pleasure,
Each cherished haunt, each living treasure,
O'er tree and plant, and fruit and flower,
O'er evening joy and morning hour.
She grieves o'er Adam's lost uprightness,
His gloomy, dark, despairing look;
But has no thought to mourn the brightness
Whose flight her glory with it took.

Not for herself does Eve, repentant,
Most sorely weep, most sadly mourn;
Her woman's heart could find contentment
If only she the curse had borne.
But Eve, repentant, not despairing,
Has comfort yet in bravely bearing
Life's weary woe, Death's fearful dread.
"Her seed shall bruise the Serpent's head" —
Though she to toil and pain is bidden,

This promise in her heart is hidden;
And spite of all, 'tis joy to know
That she will triumph o'er her foe.
This faith sustains the patient mother
 When blamed, perplexed, she labors on;
Aye, when her first-born slays his brother
 And death makes plain what sin has done.
A voice, the truth of God attesting,
 Is whisp'ring ever in her soul;
And there the course of sin arresting
 Bids hope defy its base control.
So when the waiting, trusting mother,
In place of Abel clasps another,
Upon His word she thinks with joy
And from the Lord faith takes the boy.
So on, through weary years of hoping,
'Mid doubts and shadows often groping,
Eve serves, obeys, bears, loves and fears,
And all the while the promise cheers.

Oh, wondrous power of faith in woman!
 'Twill bless the scourge and kiss the rod
Till one can hardly find the human
 It has so lost itself in God.
And Eve in care-worn age believing
 That every word of God is true,
Is in her heart of hearts receiving
 A glory Eden never knew.

PART SECOND.

In twilight dimness, weak and weary,
Beneath a cypress, dark and dreary,
By sainted Eve, old Adam stands
With head bowed down and folded hands.
The rain-drops on the grass are lying,
The distant winds, o'er hill-tops sighing
Send down the gray and gloomy vale
A plaintive, sad, autumnal wail.
So Nature comes in all her worst,
 With shrouded land and darkened water,
To join their woe—herself accursed
 In these, her eldest son and daughter.
Save loathsome bat around them flitting
 No living creature doth appear;
Save hoot of owl, in tree-top sitting,
 And croak of frog, no sound they hear.
And thus is felt, throughout all nature,
By man and beast and every creature,
The word of power Jehovah spake
When all was cursed for Adam's sake.
The old man's spirit sadly drooping,
The woman cheers—still trusting, hoping,

In spite of all the gloom around,
In dreary scene and dismal sound,
That only truth the Lord has spoken,
The woe, the death, have clearly shown;
The promise then can ne'er be broken,
So faith has unto substance grown.

But now the moaning wind is quiet,
A death-like calm oppresses all;
The owl and frog are silenced by it.
The bat's dark wing doth nerveless fall.
A silent horror! O how fearful!
One moment waiting, trembling, tearful,
Eve gathers strength, then slowly speaks,
So low she scarce the silence breaks:

“Adam!” The tone so soft and loving
His poor old heart is strangely moving.
“Adam, we wait for Death to come,
And shall we fear—he'll take us home.
And long, my husband, we have waited,
A toiling man, a helping wife;
So long that scarce they seem related,
The morn, the noon, the eve of life.

But now, my love, the time for going,
The night, the death, is close at hand;
And still the warmth of love is glowing
And still in faith our hope doth stand.

"Yea, Thee, O God, in faith addressing,
Since Thou art true, we claim Thy blessing,
The blessing Thou didst promise me.
The triumph o'er mine enemy.

"We know not what may be before us
In that strange chill that cometh o'er us
And freezes up the struggling breath,
And stiffens all the form in death.
We know not how our God will save us,
But we are sure He can and will,
And so, my own, as He would have us,
In life and death we'll trust Him still."

"We will, my wife," the tone how earnest,
Like that of Adam in his youth.
"My wife we will!" By faith thou turnest
Despair to hope. Thou speakest truth,
And though this form to dust returneth,
The soul that now within it burneth
Shall never die. I see it, wife,
That promise means—ETERNAL LIFE."

PART THIRD.

Just now a softened, silv'ry splendor
The rising moon doth 'round them spread,
And lo! with rev'rent, silent wonder
Eve sees a crown on Adam's head.
Is it his hair that curled and hoary,
By moonlight seems a crown of glory?
Or has some angel brought him down
Faith's real, enduring, heavenly crown?
Eve cannot tell—nor does she ponder,
The faith is real—she's sure of this,
And now that naught their loves can sunder
She thrills with more than Eden's bliss.
Nor knows the glad, triumphant woman,
That by her struggles more than human
To keep that faith, the man was taught
To seek himself the life it brought.

Now, in the full moon's quiet splendor
Blest Adam stands by sweetest Eve,
And look so loving, rev'rent, tender,
The Eden bride did ne'er receive.
For, Oh! the best is only given
To her whose love leads up to Heaven;
Who like the Eve of sacred story
Is made by grace, of man the glory.

Unknown and Known.

O mind of man! what knowest thou of space
That holds a universe in its embrace?
Thou canst not grasp the leagues that stretch afar
To reach some mighty sun that seems a star;
Much less conceive that distant orb to be
Earth's milestone towards infinity.
O mind of man, for thee some power must bound
Divided space, and draw plain lines around;
Extension must in figured form be clasped
Before it can by thee be clearly grasped.

O mind of man, thou strivest but in vain
To comprehend duration's endless chain;
Behind forever—and forever on—
Forever coming—and forever gone—
As seen and yet unseen, eternity
Evades thy thought with solemn mockery.
O mind of man, for thee some power must break
The wierd, eternal chain, and of it take
What shall, through limits fixed, as time be known,
Ere unto thee it can be clearly shown.

ERRATA

In third line from bottom, for —“all-embracing God”
read—all-embracing Soul

O mind of man, thy thought can have no place
 For that which fills forever, boundless space;
 An ether, subtle, measureless and vast,
 From out whose depths revolving worlds are cast.
 For thee some power must seize within its grasp
 A portion that the bounded form can clasp
 And for a time as matter hold, for then
 O mind of man, it comes within thy ken.
 These three—eternity, infinity,
 Etherity—a lower trinity.

These three, subjected to the mighty will
 Of Him who doth their utmost being fill,
 Yield unto man what comes within his sphere.
 Form, time and matter unto him appear
 As from the boundless universal, brought
 Within the narrow range of finite thought.
 O mind of man! The great "I am" hath shown
 To thy weak powers in kind so like His own,
 Of space, duration, ether, what He could,
 To give thee light and strength, and do thee good.

O mind of man, how canst thou find Him out?
 How canst thou hold and prove beyond a doubt
 That one eternal, all-embracing God
 Doth space, duration, ether, all control?
 How canst thou know this God thy God to be,

Since form is thine and His infinity,
Since time is thine and His eternity,
And matter thine but His etherity?
O mind of man, one hope is left alone—
As finite must the infinite be known.

So out of universal love was brought
A human soul by love divinely taught:
So out of universal truth there came
A human mind with truth's eternal name:
So out of universal power arose
A human body that divinely shows
That love and truth and power in man combined—
A part to manifest the whole designed.
And thus to human vision clearly shown,
A true light comes from out the dark unknown.

God manifested in the flesh is He
Who takes what mind can grasp of Deity,
And to it form and time and matter gives
That man may know the God in whom he lives.
Nay, more, that he himself divine may grow
And as a son unto his Father go.
O human mind, so strangely fettered here,
Rejoice! for thy redemption draweth near.
Thy God his gracious love to thee hath shown,
And thou shalt know as thou thyself art known.

The Human Trinity.

One man I am, and yet as three
I speak and men speak unto me.
I say—I'm well, or sick, or old,
Or strong or weak, or warm or cold;
And they who answer speak as though
My *flesh* were all the self they know.

Again, I tell of careful thought,
Of problem solved or motive sought,
Of effort made to know the why?
And how? of all that meets the eye;
And list'ners ready answers find,
As speaking only unto *mind*.

Once more—I fear, or love, or hate,
Am happy, or disconsolate.
Am false or true, or bad or good,
Or all by turns, as suits my mood;
And speaking then, or spoken to,
My *soul* alone is brought to view.

Thus three in one, or one in three,
I find myself a trinity,

HOW IS IT?

And learn that through the likeness made
God has Himself to man displayed
As one in three, or three in one:
Jehovah—Father, Spirit, Son.

The soul that doth all good embrace,
The mind that doth all wisdom trace,
The word that through the ages shows
What good inspires and wisdom knows,
This triune God, and Him alone,
My triune self was made to own.

How is It?

Just fallen from a lofty oak
A little acorn lies
Half hidden in the moss.
The tiny twig from which it broke
Is pointing to the skies
The lighter for its loss.
No other change its fall has wrought
Save that in me it wakens thought,

The thought that in this polished shell
A living germ does surely dwell.

And that if planted by my hand
 In friendly soil and deep,
 In coming years a tree
Will there in massive beauty stand,
 Beneath whose shade may sleep
 The way-worn, peacefully:
Aye, still that oak may lift its head
Tow'rds Heaven's sun, when with the dead
I long have slept. Have acorns then
More vital energy than men?

Is there within this tiny ball
 A life that can go on
 Through rolling centuries
While generations rise and fall,
 And pass from sire to son
 Its ancient memories?
'Tis true—a power within it lies
No skill can show to human eyes,
But which for ages may defy
The fiercest storm that glooms the sky.

While I at three-score years and ten,
 Or four-score at the most,
 Must lie beneath the sod

And let from out the thoughts of men

My very name be lost.

Then if there be no God

To hold me in His thought and give

A better life than this I live.

I am the less. Of nature's care

The oak tree has the greater share.

But in the end, though far away,

The strongest oak must yield

And unto dust return;

Its thousand years a passing day

Beneath the facts revealed

By suns that brightly burn

In Heaven's vaulted ceiling vast;

And will so long as time shall last,

And have since time was, swiftly rolled

Through azure paths their wheels of gold.

And on these suns my eyes have gazed

With mystic soul-delight

No tongue nor pen may tell.

While something in my being praised

The One, whose skill and might

Have ordered them so well:

Till in my thought I seemed to rise

Above the earth and seek the skies:

Myself, a prayer to know and see
What was—and is—and yet must be.

And by this prayer 'tis plainly told
That not alone to earth
Am I by nature bound;
That measured space can never hold
The soul that owes its birth
To mystery profound.
A germ of the eternal life,
It is with mortal bonds at strife,
And stronger grown, if nurtured well
Will break and leave the earthly shell.

But if the nurtured acorn grow
And make a noble tree
To shelter man and beast,
Its thousand fellows fare not so;
For some will eaten be
By brute or bird; the rest
Be trodden under foot, or left
Uncovered, till of life bereft
By parching sun or biting frost,
They waste away—forever lost.

Then if the cultured human soul
May grow to be divine
And pass from earth to Heaven;

If in the grandly perfect whole,

Eternal right to shine

May unto it be given;

A star to guide with holy light,

At one with universal right;

A sun to warm some realm above,

At one with universal love.

How is it then with that great host

That will or can not own

The living germ within?

Uncared for must that life be lost,

And they all mortal grown

Have only power to win

That which to mortal life belongs?

Whose joy shall cease with earthly songs,

Whose light shall fade with earthly day,

Whose life with earth shall pass away?

While all in Christ are made alive

Who first in Adam die,

And from their graves shall rise:

A final moment must arrive

When Truth each one shall try

And show what in him lies.

Then, if the germ that Christ has given

Well nurtured grows to life in Heaven,

How is it if neglected, dead?

What doom from Nature's book is read?

Three Voices.

First Voice—

The world is large, the world is wide,
And toil and skill for all provide.

Second Voice—

Ah me! The winds are moaning,
Why pales with want the widow's cheek!
Why are the children gaunt and weak!
Ah me! The winds are groaning.

First Voice—

The world is wide, the world is large,
And goodness has the world in charge.

Second Voice—

Ah me! The skies are weary,
Why hides the head from vengeful hate!
Why shrinks the heart from angry fate?
Ah me! The skies are dreary.

First Voice—

The world is wide and large and old,
And strong the hands that it uphold.

Second Voice—

Ah me! The stars are sleeping,
Why bleeds the slave beneath the lash?
Why do the swords so fiercely clash?
Ah me! The stars are weeping.

First Voice—

'Tis old, and large, and wide, the world,
Love's banner o'er it all unfurled.

Second Voice—

Ah me ! The sun is clouded.
Why fall such bitter, hopeless tears ?
Why wake such agonizing fears ?
Ah me ! The sun is shrouded.

Third Voice—

Ye winds, and skies, and stars, and sun,
Count not the world as all undone.
For see ! The heavens lighten,
And want, and wail, and wear, and woe,
Through grief to greater gladness go.
For see ! The heavens brighten.

Life.

"O swiftly fall life's running sands,

The hour-glass whirls with gath'ring speed,
And worried brain and busy hands

Of calm and rest have grievous need ;
For days, and weeks, and months, and years,
Bring chiefly cares, and toils, and tears."

So sings the harp attuned to earth,
For earth can sing no sinless song;
Her treasures are of transient worth,
Her joys to fleeting time belong,
Her tired children fall asleep,
And wake at morn to work and weep.

Earth's friendship, fickle as the wind,
With fitful fervor comes and goes;
Earth's labor can no treasure find
That lasting happiness bestows.
Her love betrays the heart it breaks,
Her wealth deceives the life it takes.

But earth does not abide alone,
No independent orb is she;
A ruling sun she's bound to own,
In him her life must centered be.
A central life—man's heart and mind
The Sun of Righteousness should find.

His love would then unchanging be
And always satisfy his soul;
His treasures in eternity
No fickle fortune could control,
And ever then life's sands would run
For him as God's beloved son.

Safe.

Earth's valleys dense with shadows are,
Through which but seldom beams a star;
And many paths there seem to be,
But where they lead no man can see.
Perplexed, bewildered, who can know
In which dark way 'tis best to go?

The course it seemed so wise to take,
Not seldom proves a sad mistake;
The kindness meant full oft offends—
The good intent in evil ends.

That man's blind race be safely run
One hope remains and only one—
That some clear-sighted, trusty guide
Be ever faithful at his side
To lead him where he cannot see;
And Christ is there this guide to be.

Interpretation.

“For the invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and godhead.”—*Romans, I-20.*

“That they all may be one, as Thou, Father, art in Me and I in Thee that they also may be one in us.”—*St. John, XVII-21.*

The will of God, in matter wrought,
Within the range of finite thought
By wisdom infinite is brought.
And thus to man has God displayed
Through things in cunning patterns made,
What else could not have been portrayed.
So “Truth” invisible is seen,
And those dark barriers between
Man’s life and God’s removed have been.

By what the senses comprehend
Is shown the purpose and the end
To which the spirit forces tend.
In Nature’s book, if rightly read,
Are guide-marks to the fountain head

INTERPRETATION.

And mysteries interpreted.
The earth was made her God to own,
And as by burnished footstool shown,
Through shaded lights reflects His throne.

In human likeness the divine
Through glory veiled is seen to shine,
And earth and heaven intertwine.
One God as Father, Spirit, Son,
Man's body, soul and mind as one,
The two in close resemblance run.
Thus in the human trinity
Is shadowed forth the mystery
Of three in one and one in three.

And always when the seed is sown
No sign of life without is shown:
A little while it sleeps alone,
Then softly stirs the power within
Till through the earth the leaves begin
To push their way the light to win.
Then come "the blade, the stalk, the ear,"
So, too, the body buried here
With life renewed shall reappear.

From Nature's voice the warning rings
That broken law disaster brings.

Though sweet the song the siren sings,
Transgressors all must meet their doom,
The eyes of Truth shall pierce the gloom,
The arm of Justice rend the tomb,
And bring each criminal to sight
And give his crimes the vengeful might
To reap what harvest is their right.

The great Creator, wise and good,
So made the world because He would
Through it, Himself be understood.
And blind as human wisdom is
And dark as are life's mysteries,
Man sees enough to teach him this—
The truth discovered to believe.
The good acknowledged to receive,
Nor willfully his conscience grieve.

The light pursued will brighter glow,
The truth obeyed will clearer grow,
Who does God's will that truth shall know.
To him who has it shall be given,
While he who lacks to want is driven;
The loss is earth, the gain is Heaven.
The mystic work in time begun
May through successive stages run
Till man with God is truly one.

Morn.

The morn! The morn! The blessed morn!

It comes to gladden all the earth
With peace of sweet refreshment born,
And hope that shares its joyous birth
With songs of birds and breath of flowers
That so entrance the morning hours.

The passing shadows of the night.

The vacant sleep, or mazy dreams
Have fled before the rosy light
That in the East so brightly beams.
Forgotten is the land of gloom
In earth's delight and nature's bloom.

The darkness dense before the morn

Has brighter made the waking day,
The shrouding mists from earth have gone
And sunbeams on her bosom play,
And men refreshed take up anew
The work 'twas hard last night to do.

And so because He thought it best
Who wisely plans and governs all,
Does weariness make way for rest
And rest prepare for labor's call.
With days and nights go freighted years,
Like human lives, with smiles and tears.

The soul that sickens in the night,
Oppressed with toil and vexed with care,
With gladness greets the morning light
And counts its burdens light to bear.
With ties so subtle Nature binds
Her changeful moods to human minds.

Ah me! I would 'twere always morn;
That never toil demanded rest;
That need of night forever gone,
I might with day be ever blest.
I love not darkness, but endure
The transient gloom since light is sure.

And so with all that frets or grieves,
Let each the burden patient bear;
Who in "Our Father's" love believes
At last our Father's light shall share,
And in His joyous presence stay
Where beams the bright eternal day.

Glory.

I.

Bear swiftly winds from pole to pole,
And 'round the earth's great circle roll
From lip to lip, and soul to soul.

A name that charms the mortal ear,

A name the nations love to hear,

The magic name of glory.

From mystic caverns comes he forth,
Like flashing splendors in the North,
And trumpets loud proclaim his worth,

As strong to do, or wise to plan,

Or other wonder-working man

With wonder-waking story.

II.

He hits a mark; he wins a race;

He swims or flies through woful space;

Or brutal, bruises brutish face;

Or duel fights; or vict'ry gains

Where heroes brave on bloody plains

For life and honor tussle.

Or working with a nobler aim
He builds, he mines, he gives his name
To useful arts, or binds his fame
 To honored toil, and blessed with health
And goodness wins renown and wealth
 By strength of will and muscle.

III.

How proudly walks the man, O Earth,
How conscious of acknowledged worth,
Since He to whom he owes his birth
 Has made him master over all;
 Thy countless creatures, great and small,
 His purposes subserving.
And in the vigor of his prime
Rejoicing in a power sublime,
Within the realms of sense and time;
 'Tis well to do whate'er he can
 That shall exalt him as a man
 Whose name is worth preserving.

IV.

If his ambition then shall choose
For worthy ends his gifts to use,
And swiftly forth doth spread the news
 Of efforts crowned with grand success,
Proud Glory's voice will loudly bless

The noble benefactor.
 But should he, moved by silly pride,
 Be turned from honest paths aside
 That gaping crowds be gratified,
 Instead of being glorious
 He simply grows notorious—
 A kind of malefactor.

* * * * *

V.

Behold the man of giant mind
 How mightily he sways mankind
 By strength of will and thought combined;
 Through well or mis-directed skill
 A wondrous power for good or ill
 He proudly exercises,
 And broadcast sows the living seed
 That living souls receive with greed,
 Though often giving little heed
 Unto the harvest they must reap
 And in the spirit garner keep,
 At least till death surprises.

VI.

'Tis of themselves a lasting part.
 This mingled growth of mind and heart
 Resulting from the teacher's art;
 A growth that through the passing years

In calm or storm—'mid smiles or tears,
Alike through all progresses.
And as this inner temple grows,
The owner oft but little knows
Or cares what work upon it goes.
That he enjoy the present hour,
Or build for fame or wealth or power,
Is all his thought possesses:

VII.

Nor tries the work by plumb and square
That as it rises strong and fair
It may both truth and right declare—
A house that founded on a rock
And wisely built withstands the shock
Of every wild commotion.
However strong the brain may be
A fatal gift—its energy —
Except it well-directed be;
For all the light on talent cast
By falsehood's glare, is quenched at last
In Truth's eternal ocean.

VIII.

Therefore, O mind of royal birth,
With gifts whose rare and wondrous worth
By all the gold and gems of earth

GLORY.

(Since from dead matter they are torn
While thou art of the spirit born)
May not be measured;
Weigh well the choice that with thee rests,
Prove each result by honest tests,
Keep truth and right as honored guests
To teach and guide thy working hours,
And by thine ever-growing powers
New glories shall be treasured.

IX.

In thrilling tones of eloquence
Breathe forth, O mind, thy wit and sense
And kindle passion deep, intense,
Till ev'ry list'ner owns thy power;
Let reason still control the hour
And truth and right support her.
But should thy subtle spirit fires
Awaken vain and wrong desires,
Thou wilt but build the fun'ral pyres
On which thy dupes and thou alike
Must burn; and fame thy name will strike
From Glory's true reporter.

X.

A power accursed he surely yields
Who unto selfish purpose yields,
And sows with tares the human fields

That open wide to talents rare,
And should be sown with rev'rent care
That seeks a worthy reaping.
On one thus base there must recoil
The curse of ill-directed toil,
When Truth his tombstone shall despoil
Of wreaths by dazzled fancy placed
Above a grave wherein, disgraced,
The strong but false is sleeping.

XI.

How swiftly works the willing pen
When winged with thought by gifted men,
And swiftly, too, are scattered then
The pictured leaves of many a tree
By fancy, fact and poesy
In art's fair garden planted.
These leaves upon the highway fall,
They enter dwellings large and small,
And so they catch the eyes of all
By nature or by culture made
Equal to lessons thus conveyed
Or pleasures thereby granted.

XII.

O written language! Art divine!
An omnipresent power is thine,
Nor walls nor chains can thee confine;

Thou goest wheresoe'er thou wilt,
 Upholding right or nursing guilt—
 A universal preacher.
 The schools depend upon thine aid,
 By thee are public standards made
 And through thee chiefly is conveyed
 The people's mental food. True, then,
 Or false, thou provest unto men
 A most successful teacher.

XIII.

O thou of strength of mind and will,
 Whose light may guide, whose genius thrill,
 What hopes do thine horizon fill?
 Wouldst thou upon ambition's height
 Be to thy race a beacon bright
 The better pathway lighting?
 Then must the children of thy brain
 Be bravely sent o'er land and main,
 As soldiers of the truth to gain,
 In spite of loss or forced retreat,
 In spite of what may seem defeat,
 Renown by error fighting.

XIV.

Then by whatever name it's known
 The tree whose leaves by thee are strown,
 Thy work and worth in them are shown;

And wheresoever they may fall
 They bring Truth's benefit to all—
 To thee Truth's reputation.
 Thy fame shall live while time shall last,
 If in enduring moulds are cast
 The thoughts on which sound judgment passed
 A timely sentence—in their day
 Approved, preserved, and put away
 To bless each generation.

XV.

Yes, he who wisely writes and well
 Weaves 'round his name a magic spell,
 So that to speak it is to tell
 Of mental treasures scattered wide
 To cheer, or please, or teach, or guide,
 As thought may give direction.
 Nor will it lose the mystic power
 When he who had this richest dower
 That time can give, has passed the hour
 Of mortal strife. Still will he live
 In that grand life which fame must give
 The men of her election.

XVI.

While he whose talents but subserve
 A passing whim—whom passions swerve

At will—too weak or wicked to deserve
 Truth's commendation—such an one
 A swift and dazzling course may run,
 Applause from folly gaining.
 But brief the day of evil power—
 The end is near—Truth bides her hour
 And at her feet shall basely cower
 The vile usurper of her right.
 Fictitious glory flees the light,
 Contempt alone remaining.

* * * * *

XVII.

But not above the hero brave,
 Or genius proud, or scholar grave,
 Shall fame so fair a banner wave
 As that inscribed with some dear name
 Of one beloved because he came
 Earth's miseries to lighten.
 All honor to benevolence
 That through a right beneficence
 Attains the highest eminence !
 For he alone is truly great
 Who toils mankind to elevate,
 Life's ways to cleanse and brighten.

XVIII.

He gives no countenance to vice,
He is not bought by any price
Nor terrified by sacrifice;
 He bravely bears, he patient waits,
 Dishonest gain and fraud he hates,
 Hypocrisy despises:
He goes not by the other side;
For every need he would provide,
Since unto all he is allied
 By common wants and common ties,
 And with them all can sympathize
 As each demand arises.

XIX.

The good alone are grandly great,
For them the highest honors wait
When truth at last shall clearly state
 Before the throne of sovereign fame
 The simple justice of their claim
 Who lived a life of blessing.
If high or low it matters not,
Nor rank nor wealth has place in thought.
The worthy deeds they loving wrought
 Around their tombs the laurels twine
 And in true hearts their names enshrine,
 A glory worth possessing.

XX.

But virtue has a counterfeit
 And, sorely shamed, must oft permit,
 Vice, robed in *her* fair robes, to sit
 In honored seats, and praises win
 From those who see not hid within
 The cunning, vile deceiver.
 And sometimes, too, with brazen face
 Vice boldly takes the highest place,
 And hardened to her own disgrace
 Compels a kind of homage paid
 By those self interest has made
 So base as to receive her.

XXI.

Like diamonds false, which cheat at night,
 In glare of artificial light,
 But cannot bear the sun's clear sight,
 Evil disguised may keep his power
 Throughout the dimly lighted hour
 Of prejudice or fashion.
 But if resplendent truth arise
 And clearly light the human skies,
 Then dropped is every fair disguise,
 Then bare the hateful form appears
 And vainly fall his fretful tears,
 And impotent his passion.

XXII.

Disgrace, relentless, dire disgrace,
Shall soon or late stand face to face
With vice, however high the place
 To which she may have forced her way
 And flaunted there for some brief day
 Her false and gaudy trappings.
While virtue but more lovely grows
When truth its brilliance 'round her throws
And lights the way in which she goes,
 And men the beauty gladly own
 That is to them by Glory shown
 In Truth's emblazoned wrappings.

XIII.

O Glory! Queen of all the powers
That in this lower world of ours
Allure the men whose genius towers
 So far above the lowly plane
 Where common men but hope to gain
 A home with humble living—
Declare the price thou dost demand
From those who would before thee stand,
And take from thy fair sovereign hand
 A scepter swaying human hearts
 With more than wealth or pleasure's arts,
 And lasting honor giving.

XXIV.

Thou sayest "Strength of will and frame
Shall give to man a passing fame
And on my record write his name;
But having strength of will and mind
A place far higher will he find
Within my palace waiting:
And yet more potent to control
My favor as the ages roll,
Are they whose strength of will and soul
By deeds have taught men what to do,
And worth and goodness brought to view.
True standards elevating."

XXV.

So strength of body, strength of mind,
Or strength of soul—with will combined—
At Glory's court may favor find,
And more or less adorned, the name
Of each upon the scroll of fame
Shall have a just remembrance.
The first may at a glance be seen,
To know the second men are keen,
The third, alas, has ever been
A veiled presence, oft unknown,
And at the best but dimly shown
By some poor outer semblance.

XXVI.

So Glory's highest honors wait
The entrance to a blest estate,
In which whatever soul is great
 Shall as it truly is appear,
 And win the praise it misses here
 Through earth's dim apprehension.
And if that good condition be,
What wondrous changes men shall see;
Aye, humble souls to high degree
 Exalted by the silver voice
 Proclaiming "goodness" Glory's choice
 As worthiest of mention.

XXVII.

Then through the earth-enwrapping sky,
Thou honored one, in rapture fly,
And take the throne prepared on high
 For every lover of the light,
 For every doer of the right
 In earth's dark, evil places.
And then, so long as cycles roll,
So long as truth and right control,
And love makes glad a living soul,
 Wear thou in realms beyond the blue
 The well-won crown, that virtue true
 With fadeless glory graces.

Retrospection.

I wistfully turn to the days of my boyhood,

When wearied and worried with labor and care,
And all of my gainings with pitiless joy would

I barter for youth and its castles in air—
Its dreams of attainment, its sympathies tender,
Its measureless hoping, its fathomless joy,
Its worship of beauty, and eager surrender
When love in its straying has captured the boy.

Ah, yes, when the shadows around me are falling,
And sorrow unwelcome has come to my hearth,
I find a brief solace in sadly recalling

The goodness and gladness that brightened my path
When life in the freshness and fragrance of morning
Its cup of enjoyment conveyed to my lips,
Nor lessened its sweetness by tenderest warning
Of woe in the goblet maturity sips.

But gone are the pleasures and visions forever,
And vanished the castles that never could last,
And foolish the strivings that vainly endeavor
To gladden the present with songs of the past.
The earth is the better for changes of season
And life is the purer for pleasure and pain,
And sooner or later we'll find out the reason
Why loss is so often the steward of gain.

Christmas Bells.

I.

Ring gaily, Christmas bells!
The children's world is full of joy.
The laughing girl and merry boy
Are ever-flowing wells
Of happiness. Thence fun and mirth
Bring cheering draughts to brighten earth.
Ring gaily, Christmas bells!

II.

Ring sweetly, Christmas bells!
The youthful world is full of love
And soft as that of cooing dove
The voice of passion tells
Its tenderness. Then earthward sent
Are thrilling bliss and glad content.
Ring sweetly, Christmas bells!

III.

Ring bravely, Christmas bells !
The working world is full of hope,
And patience will with trials cope
Till toiling trust compels
The victory. So earth is blest
With faithful labor's rich bequest.
Ring bravely, Christmas bells !

IV.

Ring softly, Christmas bells !
The resting world is full of faith
And joy and love have hope in death.
But still in mem'ry dwells
The pleasure past. O'er years gone by
And broken ties, old age must sigh.
Ring softly, Christmas bells.

The Last Dream.

While peacefully sleeps the old man in his chair,
The fire flickers low on the cleanly-swept hearth.
In fanciful thought he is wandering where
In boyhood he roamed; in the land of his birth.
Again he beholds, with its hedges and lawn,
The house of his fathers far over the sea,
And lo! from a window the curtain is drawn:
Within sits his mother, a child on her knee,
A flaxen-haired boy with a beautiful face
That fondly she kisses, with loving embrace.

Then following fast, like the camera's views,
Dissolving and gath'ring, new visions appear:
He sees a gay youth and his playmates amuse
Their holiday freedom with gambol and cheer—
He sees a young horseman for hunting arrayed,
In joyous pursuit of the fox and the hounds,
By hedges and ditches alike undismayed
He fearlessly follows the sight, or the sounds—
He sees a grave student in cap and in gown
Parading the old university town.

He sees a shy lover, whose tremulous voice
Is whispering words that to maidens are dear—
He sees a young man and the girl of his choice
In bridal array at the altar appear—
He sees in his cradle his first little son,
The sweet baby face and the mother so proud—
He sees a sad group, and each sorrowful one
Is weeping farewells, or sobbing aloud—
He sees the brave ship that is carrying o'er
The emigrant band to America's shore.

He sees his new home in the glorious west,
Surrounded by thrift in a city begun—
He sees his dear wife, in her children so blest,
A matron more fair than the bride he had won—
His beautiful girls and industrious boys,
Belov-ed as women and honored as men;
Their children he sees as the crown of his joys,
And welcomes old age in his gratitude then.
But soon comes the last, the dark vision of dread,
The corse, and the hearse, and the house of the dead.

Uneasily moving, he groans in his sleep,
And quivering lips his emotions betray,
While over his forehead the pale shadows creep
And tears from his eyelids are stealing away.
He shudders and wakens—the fire's going out—
He feels a strange chill and its portent he knows.

“Thank God!” he exclaims. “It has come! Not a doubt
Its wildering gloom on my happiness throws;
This home has been good, but one better awaits,
That home for the trusting which goodness creates.”

Now peacefully sleeps the old man in his chair,
The fire has gone out on the cleanly-swept hearth;
No more shall it brighten to welcome him there,
For now he has done with the comforts of earth.
His hoary head crowned with the laurels of love,
His white hairs adorned with the ivy of peace,
He finds a glad welcome in mansions above,
Where fullness of joy shall forever increase;
And children bereft, in their sorrows are cheered
By memories precious and counsel endeared.

The Cyclone.

Softly, O softly,
The shadows fall
Over the wall.
Sweetly, O sweetly,
The robins sing
Over the spring.

THE CYCLONE.

Gently, O gently,
The zephyrs pass
Over the grass.

Gaily, O gaily,
The children shout
Playing about.

All nature is glad,
All nature is gay,
And no heart is sad
This bright summer day.

Swiftly, O swiftly,
Dark clouds uprise
Over the skies.
Strangely, O strangely,
The silence broods
Over the woods.

Sadly, O sadly,
Lingers the breeze
Over the trees.
Surely, O surely,
Heralds of harm
Sound an alarm.

And nature awake,
With listening ear,
Seems warning to take,
As silent with fear.

The air is rumbling,
The clouds are grumbling,
The skies are flashing,
The trees are crashing.

A terrible roar,
The waters down pour,
The tempest is o'er.
A mighty Cyclone
Has lit and has flown.

His traces remain —
The desolate plain,
The orchards uptorn,
The harvest fields shorn,
The dwellings destroyed,
Farms naked and void,
Inhabitants slain
Or groaning with pain,
Or frenzied with care,
Or dumb with despair.

But words cannot tell
Nor effort portray
The ill that befell
That bright summer day.

They only can know
Its horrors and woe,
The women and men
Left shuddering when
The mighty Cyclone
Had lit and had flown.

The Blizzard.

I.

Far over the snow, in a cavern of ice.

Abides the fierce Demon who guards the North Pole,
And vain is the courage or cunning device

That strives in its searching to brave his control.
He breathes on the winds and the vapors congeal,

He shakes his hoar head and the tempest awakes;
Then black frozen clouds the whole heavens conceal

And wild is the chaos their down-coming makes.
Bewild'ring, and buffeting, beating and bruising,
The body o'ercoming, the spirit confusing,
The horrible Blizzard flies howling and raging,
With ev'rything living in warfare engaging.

II.

This terrible Demon, abiding at home,

Is justly aroused when adventurous men
By curious fancies are tempted to roam
The lion to beard in his dangerous den:

But why should he leave his own proper abode
And visit in fury the fair southern plains,
Where Nature her bounty has freely bestowed
And labor's rewarded with industry's gains.
Distressing, harassing, and freezing, and slaying,
To watchers so anxious ill omens conveying,
The merciless Blizzard o'er thousands is sweeping,
And some he leaves silent and some he leaves weeping.

III.

Go back thou grim Demon, go back to thy cave;
'Tis surely enough that the deadly Cyclone
Should over the people his dark pinions wave;
Then force them no longer thy terrors to own.
Go back to the ice and the snows of the North,
Contented to guard the mysterious Pole,
And deal as thou wilt with the men who go forth
To seek thee at home and defy thy control.
But leave the fair plains, so quietly dozing
Through winter's refreshing, in safety reposing;
Nor startle their homes with thy freezing and blowing;
Go back to the fields where the icebergs are growing.

The Last Trial.

Weary, O weary,
Art thou, overborne by toil and by care,
Thy burdens are great and grievous to bear.

Dreary, O dreary,
Thy desolate pathway, day after day,
Nor here shalt thou find a sunnier way.

Thy beauty has fled,
Thy lovers are dead,
Life's winter is moaning over thy head.

Badly, O badly,
This troublesome world has buffeted thee,
Thou must in it grieve, nor happier be.

Sadly, O sadly,
Through weakness and fear thou makest complaint,
Nor findest relief though ready to faint.

Thy struggles are vain,
For never again
Will time bring thee aught but sorrow and pain.

Coldly, O coldly,
Do wintery chills creep over thy heart,

And fires of the earth no warmth can impart.

Boldly, O boldly,

The terrible King is lingering near.

Unheeding thy want and mocking thy fear.

Away with despair!

Another is there,

And close by thy side is heeding thy prayer.

Dearly, O dearly,

He loves thee, poor soul, and shares in thy grief,

Then cling unto Him, He'll bring thee relief.

Nearly, O nearly,

Wert thou overcome. Look up and rejoice,

The conqueror speaks; how welcome his voice:

“Thy foes are all gone,

The victory's won,

My joy shalt thou share, thy conflict is done.”

Surely, O surely,

His promise is good. The world is subdued,

And souls by their faith are with patience endued.

Purely, O purely,

Their incense ascends, the fragrance of love,

And hopes that shall find their fruition above.

Thus paths that are rife

With worry and strife

Oft lead to the peaceful heavenly life.

Two Songs.

“Grind, grind, relentless wheels of fate,
Aye, grind till all is turned to dust;
One doom is sure, or soon or late,
To come alike to vile and just.”

* * * * *

So chant the swiftly rolling years,
By all their vanished glory taught;
So chant the nations, wild with fears,
Aroused by dangers change has wrought.

And earth must still the strain prolong,
Through calm and storm, o'er land and sea,
Nor ever cease the mournful song
Till time shall kiss eternity.

But other music fills the air
Than that is sung by time and change,
A strain that reaches everywhere
Through eager thought's unbounded range.

A strain that breathes a mystic power
And strangely charms the list'ning ear,
That floods with light the passing hour
And fills the heart with wondrous cheer.

A strain that wafted through the stars,
Comes freighted with their golden gleams;
A strain prolonged through countless bars
And in them all the glory beams;

A strain that thrills the wakened soul
With hope that kindles more and more
As sweetly on its measures roll
To greet the bright eternal shore.

It is the music of the spheres,
The universe's primal song,
And when it enters mortal ears
The faint revive, the weak are strong.

They hear the melody of life,
The lullaby of changeless love;
They leave the realms of doubt and strife,
And cares and terrors soar above.

At one with harmony divine,
They join the universal choir,

And with eternal life entwine
The full fruition of desire.

* * * * *

“Roll, roll, ye glorious wheels of life,
Ay, roll forever and for aye,
Through realms with purest pleasures rife,
Through all the glad eternal day.”

Deserted.

It was a home, this empty house,
A few short years ago,
Where furtive rat and timid mouse
Now scamper to and fro,
The merry children laughed and played
The mother's chair beside,
Or for their father's coming stayed
At window, eager-eyed.

But now a dreary silence reigns,
The blinds are tightly closed,
And undisturbed, decay remains

Where beauty once reposed;
The road that leads apast the door
But seldom now is trod,
And weeds and brambles scramble o'er
The untrimmed paths and sod.

Her children dead, or far removed,
The mother fell asleep;
The father, once so well beloved,
Mid other scenes must keep
His sad and weary vigil. There
He mourns the happy days
And longs in vain for loving care
To cheer his lonely ways.

The vacant house! The vacant heart!
Alike in this one thing—
That none arrive and none depart,
Nor joy nor sorrow bring.
Each has no present. All is past
Except the signs of yore,
And waste and want the hour forecast
When each shall be no more.

And so it chanches that the two
Have met a common fate;
Neglect in both its work will do
And both the end await.

SORROW.

The house will into ruin fall,
As worthless rubbish burn—
The heart will bid farewell to all
And unto dust return.

But not alike in this are they.
The vacant house and heart—
The one unconscious wastes away.
The other feels the smart.
Ah, yes! the heart by throbbings dies,
And suffers to the end,
But Pity hears its smothered cries,
And Love will refuge send.

Sorrow.

Rush out, in rythm, O my soul!
In measured cadence haste to roll,
And calm this throbbing brain.
My heaving breast bids thee depart
From fountains in a breaking heart,
Through channels wrought by pain.

And ever on thy numbers tossed
Be thoughts of all the loved and lost;
 The loved who come no more
Save in some gleam of spirit light;
The lost to touch, and voice, and sight,
 Beyond the mystic shore.

And as thy rhythmic measures pass,
I'll throw me on the friendly grass
 That hides their gloomy graves;
I'll close my eyes to outward light,
And patient look with inward sight
 On what affection saves.

The outlines dim of features fair,
The shadowed gleams of golden hair,
 The far-off, wistful look,
The fondest thrill of perfect love,
The bliss that somewhere waits above,
 The joys that earth forsook.

The ling'ring touch of lips long still.
The fleeting hues an artist's skill
 Would strive to catch in vain.

The treasures rich from Heaven sent,
The jewels bright, a brief space lent
And then caught back again.

But I the lost shall find at last,
If when death's shadows gather fast,
One face shall o'er me bend,
The face of Him once crucified,
The face of Him now glorified,
My ever-faithful friend.

He knows the dreary paths I've trod,
He saw me quail beneath the rod,
He heard my anguished cry.
The gloom and stripes He felt them all,
His own great woe he will recall
And bless me when I die.

Charity.

Who can rightly read another?
What two lives are quite the same?
Then be careful of thy brother,
Slow to anger, slow to blame;
He alone their strength can measure
Whom the same temptations try.
Be it pain or be it pleasure,
Standards fixed will not apply.

Each is to himself a stranger
In the things he has not tried;
Hence there always is a danger
That his thought be misapplied.
And the depth of joy or sorrow
Which a heart may sometime know,
Is as mystic as the morrow
Which to-day can never show.

Human judgments are uncertain,
Human lives are so unlike,

Each concealed behind a curtain
Lifted when within shall strike
Signal bells to action calling,
Or some utterance to make,
Giving time before its falling
But one glance within to take.

In so brief an observation
Deeds and words are both confused,
Disconnected in relation.
By false judgment they're abused,
Oft conveying wrong impressions
Of the character within:
Leading on to sad confessions
Of mistakes adjudged as sin.

By thyself to judge thy neighbor
Cannot righteous judgment be,
Since by neither thought nor labor
Thou his inner self canst see.
Right or wrong is by intention,
And the motive thou must know:
This, through thy misapprehension,
Deeds and words may fail to show.

Charity is always needed,
None can her assistance spare;

Let her then be always heeded,
In her absence still forbear.
None can safely judge another,
No two lives are quite the same;
Then be careful of thy brother,
Slow to anger, slow to blame.

The Humble Heroine.

The house is old, the woman too,
Twill last as long as she,
And while she lives 'twere ill to do—
To pull it down, so let it be.
To her 'tis dear, for there she came
When first she was a wife,
It's been to her a home in name
Through all her married life.

Her drunken husband wore her out
Well-nigh before he died,
Since then she never has been stout

THE HUMBLE HEROINE.

And often sorely tried.
Three sickly children claimed her care
Through many weary years,
But one by one they wandered where
There's neither toil nor tears.

And now she lives there all alone
And patient works by day,
At night her eyes so dim have grown
She puts her work away;
And then she sits and thinks it o'er,
The sad and dreary past,
And wonders what will happen more
And when she'll rest at last.

For she is but a simple soul,
And scarce can read or write;
The daily round her thoughts control
And bound her vision quite.
She only knows what she has seen
Or heard her neighbors say,
And from her house she's never been
A score of miles away.

Yet she has lived a noble life,
And as a saint will die;
A worthless husband's faithful wife,

She never ceased to try
Through kindly arts to win him back
From ways of sin and shame.
Whatever else his home might lack
He found her love the same.

And he returned in his poor way
The patient love she gave,
Yet could not from the tempter stay,
Who lured him to his grave;
And she, poor woman, wept for what
Her lover might have been,
And in her sorrow half forgot
The degradation seen.

A kind and patient mother, too.
To her poor witless boy,
Though ugly and deformed he grew,
His lack could not destroy
The tie that bound her to her child.
And oft when watchful eye
Had caught his gaze, on him she smiled,
And wept to see him die.

Her daughters, sickly from their birth,
A constant trial proved.
Yet in no home of wealth and worth

Were daughters more beloved,
Her poor old heart was broken quite
As each was borne away;
And by their graves—a touching sight—
She's seen day after day.

For now the county gives her food
When her small earnings fail,
And her old house a neighbor good
Bought in at Sheriff's sale.
There let her live, 'twould break her heart
To take her to the "Farm."
From her old home she must not part,
'Twere ill to do her harm;

For she is patient, tender, good,
Though ignorant and poor;
And there is One whose anger would
O'ertake the evil-doer.
For He's the trusting widow's God,
And never will forsake
The loved ones chastened by His rod,
Who Him their refuge make.

Old Jeremiah.

Who'll make the fires and shovel snow,
Put in the coal, on errands go,
And faithfulness will always show?

Old Jeremiah.

He's honest, trusty, true as steel,
No work he'll slight, no fault conceal,
A man sincere, whose worth is real,

Is Jeremiah.

Who'll beat the carpets, sweep the floors,
And wash the windows, blinds and doors,
In fact, do any kind of "chores"?

Old Jeremiah.

And he is careful, tidy, neat,
With self-respect, without conceit,
As good a man as one can meet,

Is Jeremiah.

Who wide his charity extends,
To all who need assistance lends,
And 'mongst the poor has many friends?

Old Jeremiah.

A kindly soul, with willing hands,
That no appeal for help withstands,

OLD JEREMIAH.

One who obeys his Lord's commands,
Is Jeremiah.

Who life must find a grief prolonged?
Who has by treachery been wronged?
Who with sad memories is thronged?
Old Jeremiah.

His wife and children long since dead,
By lying cheats to ruin led,
Alone and poor, with hoary head,
Is Jeremiah.

Who, uncomplaining, sorrow bears?
Who threadbare garments patient wears,
And ne'er parades his toils and cares?
Old Jeremiah.

Alone on earth, he looks to Heaven.
And poor, to God for help is driven,
A man to whom the "best" is given,
Is Jeremiah.

Who, when his humble life is o'er
Will find the loved ones "gone before"
And treasured wealth laid up in store?
Old Jeremiah.

A lowly man, but truly great,
A "priest and king" in Christ's estate,
A man to love and imitate,
Is Jeremiah.

The Village Belle.

Yes, she is cross as cross can be,
And scowls from morn till night,
And poor as poverty is she,
And ugly to the sight—
Wrinkled and haggard, bent and old—
But hers are wondrous eyes,
Piercing and black, a fire they hold
That want and age defies.

And she was once the village belle,
A maiden fair, as sweet,
And some old men remember well
How fast their hearts would beat
When she in kindness to them spoke,
Or when on them she smiled,
And one true heart in silence broke,
By love of her beguiled.

And she in youth became a wife—
'Twas said she married well,
For one above her rank in life

THE VILLAGE BELLE.

Had won this village belle,
And promised her the home of wealth
To which he was the heir.
And glad, with beauty, love and health,
She went his lot to share.

But she knew not the thoughtless boy
His father's will had crossed
By wedding thus. Full soon her joy,
And hope, and love, she lost.
Her husband, disinherited,
Through dissipation fell,
And thence came woes unmerited
Upon this village belle.

She struggled on through weary years
With grief and want and shame,
The light of love put out by tears,
The fires of passion came;
And then the eyes once softly bright
Sent forth an angry glare,
As if it were a fierce delight
To fate and fortune dare.

Widowed and childless has she been
Many a lonely year,
Nor kith nor kin with her are seen,
Nor neighbor coming near.

She chooses thus alone to dwell,
No kindly word she'll speak,
And they who knew the village belle
No more her presence seek.

For then her anger fiercely burns
When memory recalls
The vanished light that ne'er returns,
The gloom that always falls;
The life begun with brightest hopes
With heart so fond and true,
The life that now through darkness gropes,
With not a star in view.

For her, poor soul! the sweetness turned
To wormwood and to gall,
And fires that once for blessing burned
Now blaze a curse to all.
Shall she be pitied, or be blamed?
The question oft is raised;
How shall her wretchedness be named—
Debased is she, or crazed?

Nay, why should one this question ask,
The facts are still the same,
And goodness sets an equal task
Whatever be the name
The evil bears. The woman's need

Must charity demand,
And Christ-taught love her want will heed
And ever watchful stand.

Aye, more than this, 'twill seek to know
The way to do her good,
And how some kindness it may show
Though she be cross and rude.
Who knows? when sickness comes and pain,
With her all may be well,
And those soft lights appear again
That graced the village belle.

A Passing Shadow.

Aye, birdies sing! The sky is light,
The air with fragrance laden,
And sun-kissed flowers with faces bright
Are smiling on the maiden.

Dear birdies, 'tis her bridal day,
O give her joyous greeting,

And bid the sun-beams chase away
The shadows o'er her fleeting.

A far-off look is in her eyes,
Of strange to-morrow dreaming;
Two phantom forms before her rise,
Like doubt and sorrow seeming.

And with her lovely orange wreath
The cypress they are twining,
Fast beats her heart, her breath comes quick,
Some threatened ill divining.

O, may the trusted one grow cold,
The promised joy deceive her?
Or shall the grave her lover hold
And all her gladness leave her?

Then is it wise for her to yield
Home's safely guarded treasure
For what ere long may stand revealed
As but a transient pleasure?

Ah, Doubt, you do a cruel wrong
Sweet innocence to frighten;
Give way to Faith, whose cheering song
The paths of love will brighten.

Two Moods.

My days drag on in pain and gloom.
My heart is weary night and day.
My soul, shut up in darkened room.
Can never praise, can hardly pray.
My only thought—my constant sigh.
A longing wish that I could die.
Thus wrote this morn my doleful pen,
And wrote what feeling prompted then.

At eve the dismal clouds have passed,
The sky of life is calm and clear.
Bright beams of hope are on me cast.
Fond words of love are whispering near.
My heart is one sweet song of praise.
So full of blessing are my days.
“Be mine for aye life’s rich delights!”
My pen inspired by feeling writes.

This wondrous change in soul and thought
Came not through any change without:

The transformation quickly wrought,
From cause within has come about.
At morn dyspeptic fumes arose
To heart and brain in gloom enclose,
At eve, digestion being good,
Both heart and brain have changed their mood.

The Four-Leafed Clover.

A simple four-leafed clover,
And pressed for many a year,
Still sheds its sweetness over
An hour that's ever near.

'Twas in the cool September,
Beneath a Northern pine —
I thrillingly remember
Her trembling hand in mine.

We silent sat, both thinking
The thoughts that none can speak,

THE FOUR-LEAFED CLOVER.

My gazing rapture drinking
New beauties from her cheek:

For shaded rose tints flitting
Across the kindling white,
Told plainly I was sitting
In Love's approving sight.

Just then I saw this clover
And plucked it from the ground,
And, laughing, placed it over
The heart that held me bound.

I saw the quickened motion
And blessed the omen good,
Though but a foolish notion
It gave me what I would.

No other word was spoken
Than that the clover said;
I kissed the trembling token
And felt that we were wed.

* * * * *

A year and all was over,
She closed her loving eyes;
Still on my heart that clover
A charming blessing lies.

A Western Horror.

(Truth stranger than fiction.)

The Storm-King ruled, the night was wild,
The whirling snow in drifts was piled,
Or cut the air like grains of sand;
The angry blasts, as fiends enraged,
Fierce battle with each other waged,
And warring shook the ice-bound land,
While darkness dense o'er hill and plain
Made doubly drear the Storm-King's reign.

An old log house that lonely stood
Where wide prairies joined the wood
That broadly fringed the river bank;
From its one window flashed a light
Whose fitful glare harrassed the night
With swift recurring gleam and blank—
One moment in the lull 'twas seen,
The next came shrouded blasts between.

A miner trav'ling from afar
Had lost his way, when like a star

Shot through the gloom that welcome light.
With hope revived and gathered strength
He struggled on and found at length
A refuge from the cruel night
Within the cabin, where alone
A couple dwelt, both aged grown.

And of that shelter he was glad,
Though poor and scant the food he had,
And rude and hard the promised bed.
The woman soon his couch prepared;
"The best there was," as she declared,
And to the loft the way she led,
Since down below there was no place,
The "living-room" filled all the space.

There on the floor a bed of straw,
With robes of buffalo, he saw
Placed close beside the outer wall.
However lowly he might bow
The sloping roof would scarce allow
The passing of a man so tall;
But quick outstretched his tired form
Close wrapped in fur lay snug and warm.

Yet weary as he was he sought
In vain to sleep. A fearful thought
Of danger near his mind possessed;

His quickened ear became intent
And straining nerves assistance lent.

Upon the floor his cheek he pressed,
When opened twice he heard the door
And mumbling voices, three or more.

A cross-way crack the light shone through;
He saw the boards were cut in two

On which was placed the transient bed.
In wonder then he felt around;
That bed was on a trap he found.

Dismayed, he knew not what to dread;
'Twas plain some horror was designed,
And safety he must quickly find.

He'd noticed in the gable end
An opening that might prove a friend

In that the chimney it was near.
'Twas closed by boards; he pried them off
And clambered through. Upon the roof

He climbed. He dared not drop for fear
The tracks across the snow his way
Might to the fiends within betray.

The chimney and the ridge between
Close hid, he could not well be seen

By those upon the ground below.
But very soon his flight was known,

And by the light from lanterns thrown
They sought his footprints in the snow,
But for some rods the cabin round
The wind had swept the frozen ground.

It came not once within their thought
That on the roof he refuge sought,
So easy was the downward drop.
While seeking for his tracks 'twas plain
The drifting snow made effort vain:
It forced them soon their search to stop.
So whilst the winds the cabin shook
Quick through the wood his way he took.

Ere long he reached the river bed,
And down the ice he swiftly fled
Until he'd gone a mile or more.
There through the trees a road was made,
And to his joy he saw displayed
A lighted farm house on the shore.
Admission there he eager sought,
And voice and light kind welcome brought.

It was a woman's voice he heard,
And greeting him the fire she stirred
And by it placed for him a chair.
Then to her daughter she returned,
Who lay quite ill the stranger learned;

And too, the doctor still was there—
Storm-bound, he tarried for the night,
But would depart with dawning light.

At morn to help him on his way
The doctor took him in his sleigh,
And slowly through the drifts they toiled.
The strange adventure of the night
Lost half its horror in the light,
And stubborn fact the romance spoiled.
“A harmless life,” the doctor said,
“The poor, old couple long have led.

They built the cabin where they dwell
Some years ago; I know them well;
Have oft been there and seen no ill.
But as a stranger, if you please
By search to set your mind at ease,
An officer will do your will.
When at the village we arrive
Unto his house at once we'll drive.”

The trav'ler's mind was fully bent
To know the truth, and so they went
And quickly found the man of law.
The story told, and warrant drawn,
They hastened back that very morn,

And pulling off the robes and straw
They found the trap as he had said,
Just large enough to hold the bed.

This trap upon two pivots turned,
And by a spring they quickly learned
How helpless one on it would be,
When, with the bed tipped towards the wall,
He through the open space must fall.

And searching still they paled to see
A corresponding trap below
Through which the man must also go.

Beneath this trap the cellar floor,
Which seemed to be but sanded o'er,
When struck produced a hollow sound.
The sand removed, some boards displayed,
And underneath, when search was made,
A water-tank surprised they found.
This left of life no hope at all
To one who from the loft should fall.

Convinced of fearful evil wrought,
To seize the vile old folks they thought;
But looked and searched for them in vain
Within the house and all around,
Nowhere could trace of them be found;

And none the marvel could explain,
Since to the wood they did not go,
For not a track was on the snow.

Again they searched the cellar through—
Another wonder came to view—

A stone projecting from the side
When pushed fell out, and in the wall
An opening made, through which might crawl
A man desiring there to hide.
The thought was uppermost in mind
That for this purpose 'twas designed.

But by one going through 'twas found
A passage reached out underground,
And ended 'neath a stable floor.
A place of exit there was made,
Concealed by straw at random laid
Upon its closely-fitted door.
To raise the planks they were not slow
And found a charnel house below.

Aye, thrust not into graves but holes,
Six bodies lay, whose frightened souls
Had taken flight from that dark tank
Where murd'rous hands held down each head
Until the victim, still and dead,

Beneath the dismal waters sank,
Thence through the secret passage borne,
Was hid where found that winter's morn.

And one by one, they perished so
That who they were no man could know,
Or when they met their cruel fate.
They doubtless from the mines returned
With gathered wealth, which some one learned
And for their coming lay in wait
To lure them to the cabin old
And kill the men and keep their gold.

And yet another vision brought
New horror to their startled thought:
Behind the steps beneath the door
A woman crouched as if to hide,
A bloody knife found by her side
Had cut her throat—she'd sin no more.
To save his own mean, worthless life
The old man slew his wicked wife.

And he escaped—how, none could tell,
And what dire vengeance him befell
In human books no record finds;
Nor who the horrid monsters were
That could his curs-ed booty share
With blood-stained hands and fiendish minds.

But One there is whose wrath will fall,
And finding each repay them all.

And he who fled that fearful night
From horrors, brought before his sight
By that day's search, forevermore
Was changed. His mines proved rich in gold,
And though their hoarded wealth he sold
His days of greed and pride were o'er.
He spent his life in doing good
And thus he proved his gratitude.

Retribution.

It is a dungeon dark and cold,
That old man's calloused heart;
Two dang'rous captives does it hold,
Bound in the gloom apart.
Remorse is one, the other hate,
And passion forged their chains,
And memory before the grate
A faithful guard remains.

RETRIBUTION.

You look upon the palsied form,
Nor dream of what's within;
The ghastly wreck of vicious storm,
The fettered slave of sin.
You think not of the horrid crime
Whose tortured ghost is there,
Nor of the woe that all the time
Attends the prisoned pair.

That old man is a living tomb,
And graven on his brain
Are dreary words, that tell the doom
Of faith and virtue slain
To give him wealth to wrongly use
And wickedly enjoy;
To give him pleasures to abuse
And innocence destroy.

In vain are chained his secret foes,
Remorse is gnawing fast;
And Hate upon her fetters blows
A fierce, corroding blast.
Ere long the links will drop apart,
The pris'ners will be free,
And then his dark, accursed heart
Their hopeless prey shall be.

Nay, more—his outward form will take
The likeness of his soul;

When Justice shall at last awake
His future to control.
No longer will a dungeon dark
His crime and vice conceal;
To all who look, the Judge's mark
Shall him in truth reveal.

Justice and Mercy.

The past! the past! The ill-used past!
What vain regrets around it cling.
When evening shades are falling fast,
And twilight hours their pictures bring,
Then sad the echoes wake within
And thoughtless deeds or willful sin
Come back anew the heart to sting.

Unwelcome then the sick'ning thought
That no one can the past renew,
That evil done, forever wrought,
The evil-doer must pursue;
That though repentance be sincere

The claims of Justice still are clear,
And to the injured right is due;

For to himself no sinner lives,
His wicked deed another wrongs.
In vain he reparation gives,
Except where it by right belongs;
The one who suffered at his hands
The righting of the wrong demands,
And laughs to scorn sweet Mercy's songs.

“Give back the innocence betrayed,
Remove the curse, wipe out the stain;
Help one whom you have evil made
To purity and peace regain.
Think not by your repentance late
You can oblivion create
For others' misery and pain.”

So cries a voice from out the past,
Perchance of one who long ago
In some dishonored grave at last
Lay down, o'ercome by shame and woe.
But vain that cry must ever be,
The sinner sees no remedy,
For Death can only terrors show.

And be the evil small or great,
The principle remains the same—

No power the past can recreate,
Nor change its lines of guilt and shame,
And he who has another wronged
In aught that to his good belonged
Must right the wrong or suffer blame.

So Justice brings before her bar
The conscience of each guilty one,
And all excuses banished are
When she her perfect work has done;
Then every mouth is stopped, and all
Before the judgment prostrate fall,
For uncondemned, alas! are none.

'Tis in this universal curse
That rests on all the human race,
Wherein nor better, yet nor worse
In righteous judgment finds a place,
Since fatal sentence comes to all—
That Mercy finds her right to call
On God for intervening grace.

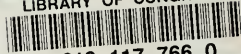
'Twould seem that for this end designed
The race has into being sprung,
That Love might some Revealer find
Whose praise should be forever sung
By those who, having had the choice
Of good, or ill, obeyed His voice
And to the good persistent clung.

To all the race, by Him redeemed,
This manifested love declares
That Heaven's light on earth has beamed,
And man his Maker's favor shares.
Aye, more—forgiving, as forgiven,
He may himself ascend to Heaven,
Where God for him a place prepares.

Thus flee the terrors of the past,
Since he who suffers wrong, as well
As he who does it, must be cast
As culprit into judgment's cell,
And thence together brought and tried
By Love; and if—Love's test applied—
They stand, with mercy shall they dwell.



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